

THE SINGERS

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW



HE SENT His singers upon earth,
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to Heaven again.

The first, a youth with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.



The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Conitron from its mouths of gold.



And those who heard the singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said: "I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

TRIBUTE TO GREAT POET.

Farmer Willingly Admitted That
Shakespeare "Knewed Hoss."

Apropos of the appearance of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern in Shakespearean plays this season, somebody revived this tale of a country editor, and a farmer whose specialty was horses. The tale is one of many to illustrate the universality of the bard's knowledge. This old horseman loved the animals as they deserve to be loved, and their fine points were an open book to him. This is the way the country editor describes the incident:

"One day I read to Lofin—that was the farmer's name—this description of a horse in 'Venus and Adonis':

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks
shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and
nostrils wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and
passing strong,
Thick mane, thick tail, broad buttock,
tender hide,
Look, what a horse should have, he did
not lack.
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

"Sol," said I, "what do you think of that?"

"You kin buy a horse from that description if you didn't know one from a dod-blasted mule," said he. "Who writ it?"

"Shakespeare."

"Who's Shakespeare?"

"An English poet."

"Wall, I don't know who Shakespeare was and don't go much on poetry, but if yoo ever see Shakespeare tell him fur Sol Lofin that he knowed hoss."

Enigmatical But True.

Visitors to the old cemeteries in New England often meet with queer epitaphs as they pass among the decayed and crumbling headstones. Here is one to be seen on one in the cemetery or "burying hill," as the guides call the spot in Plymouth, Mass:

Here's to the memory of Mary Trexton,
Who married many a man but never
vexed one,
Not to be said of the woman who lies in
the next one.

The grave is only about a hundred feet from the Charlotte Cushman memorial, where her parents are buried, although her interment place is in the Mount Auburn cemetery, Boston. Around Mary Trexton's grave are those of her three husbands, whose deaths preceded hers. In the next grave lies the body of a woman whom the guide declared was a spinster, hence the force of truth in the epitaph noted.

AT THE TOMB OF GROTIUS.

First Burial at Rostock, but He Was
Finally Laid in Delft, Holland.

The first burial place of Grotius was at Rostock near the German coast, and there, before the high altar of its great church today, is sacredly preserved, as an honor to Germany, the tomb in which his body was temporarily enshrined.

But his wish had been to rest in his native soil, says Andrew D. White in the Atlantic, and, after a time, his remains were conveyed to the Netherlands. It is hard to believe, and yet it is recorded, that as his coffin was borne through the city of Rotterdam, stones were thrown at it by the bigoted mob; finally it was laid in a crypt beneath the church of Delft, his birthplace.

Few monuments are more suggestive to the thinking traveler than that ancient cathedral. There lie the bones of men who took the lead in saving the Dutch republic and civil liberty from the bigotry of Spain. Above all, in the apse, towers the canopied tomb of Willam the Silent—sculptured marble and molten bronze showing forth the majesty of his purpose and the gratitude of his people. Hard by, in a quiet side aisle, is the modest tomb of Grotius, its inscription simple and touching.

Each of these two great men was a leader in the service of liberty and justice; each died a martyr to unreason. Both are risen from the dead, and live forevermore in modern liberty, civil and religious, in modern law fatal to tyranny, in modern institutions destructive to intolerance, and, above all, in the heart and mind of every man who worthily undertakes to serve the nobler purposes of his country or the larger interests of his race.

Attempting Too Much.

The worst energy-destroyer is he who attempts too many tasks and does not properly perform any one of them. At the close of day if such an one would look back and exercise a little reason he would soon discover why he was not called higher in his occupation. It is the employer who finishes his task properly that is valued the most. Incomplete work is the bane of many establishments. Many expend a tremendous amount of energy and for the lack of proper training in the first place they waste their time and do not satisfy an employer. The hard-working competent employes must often drag their companions along on the pay roll.

THREW AWAY LARGE SUM.

Smoke Cost Poor German Workman
a Small Fortune.

Not many months ago in Berlin a workingman stepped into the shop of a poor widow and asked permission to light his pipe. Drawing a piece of paper from his pocket, he made a spill of it, lit his pipe, and throwing down the charred paper walked away with a word of thanks. On the following morning the widow, while sweeping her shop floor, picked up the discarded and partly burnt paper and, recognizing it as a lottery ticket, put it in her pocket.

She had almost forgotten the incident when she chanced to see a list of the winning numbers in a great lottery drawing; then it flashed on her that she had somewhere part of a ticket which might possibly be entitled to a prize. She discovered the crumpled paper and to her amazement found that it bore the number to which the first prize of \$50,000 had been awarded. What the feelings of the workman must have been if ever he discovered how much that pipe had cost him may be left to the imagination.

For Pulling Teeth.



Less than a century ago this turn-key arrangement was used to pull teeth.

In the sixteenth century teeth were extracted by a sort of cant hook.

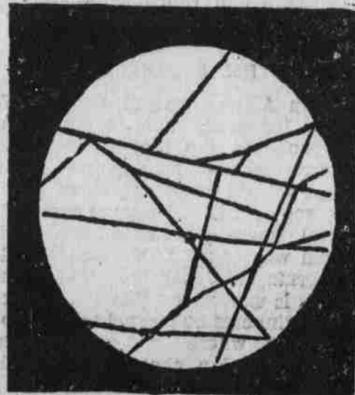
Motor Ice-Boat.

Here is the way a Long Island paper describes a recently constructed motor ice-boat: "Quite a curiosity is a boat owned by Ketcham & Howland of Eastport, which they have built to use on the ice. It is a flat bottom with steel runners, and in the place of a center board they have a wheel, with a number of steel claws, attached to a shaft connected to a four-horsepower motor, taken from their large fishing boat, in which they install a larger motor for next summer use. This power boat is a very fast goer, the ordinary ice-boat is no company for it, as a mile a minute is an everyday occurrence."

Would Tax Women's Dresses.

To raise money for the French treasury the municipal council of La Cour-tine gravely proposes that a tax should be levied on every dress a woman possesses over and above one for everyday wear and one for Sundays and fete days.

Catch the Flies.



In the spider's web it is the glutinous beads, here shown as seen through the microscope, that catch the victims.

The Russian Peasant.

The Rev. Dr. George Washburn, who lived in Constantinople for forty-six years and has just retired from the presidency of Roberts College, has traveled much in Russia and made a close study of the Russian peasant. To the casual observer the moujik is uncouth and uninteresting, but he is, in Dr. Washburn's opinion, the most interesting peasant in all Europe. In religion he is an idealist. He has little knowledge of the scriptures, although the Russian government favors their circulation, but when he studies the Bible, the teaching of the brotherhood of man is that which most appeals to him. In many instances this ideal teaching has been followed to what would in this country be considered absurd lengths.

The peasants believe most thoroughly in their religion, and carry that belief to the extreme that they consider the Russian orthodox church the only true Christian faith. It is argued by them that the Christian religion was first given to the Latin races, but those races failed to extend it throughout the world. Then the Germanic races received the mission, but they, too, in Russian opinion, have failed. Now, it is held, the time is ripe for the Slavonic races to take up the work and the true Slav confidently expects that in order to carry out the mission, it will be his duty to conquer all Europe.

Insects in Borneo.

The worst insect infested neighborhood in the world is the coast of Borneo. The streams of that region are, at certain seasons, unnavigable because of the clouds of insects which fill the air and make life unbearable.

A FELLOW FEELING.

Why She Felt Lenient Towards the
Drunkard.

A great deal depends on the point of view. A good temperance woman was led, in a very peculiar way, to revise her somewhat harsh judgment of the poor devil who cannot resist his cups and she is now the more charitable. She writes:

"For many years I was a great sufferer from asthma. Finally my health got so poor that I found I could not lie down, but walked the floor whilst others slept. I got so nervous I could not rest anywhere.

"Specialists told me I must give up the use of coffee—the main thing that I always thought gave me some relief. I consulted our family physician, and he, being a coffee fiend himself, told me to pay no attention to their advice. Coffee had such a charm for me that in passing a restaurant and getting a whiff of the fragrance I could not resist a cup. I felt very lenient towards the drunkard who could not pass the saloon. Friends often urged me to try Postum, but I turned a deaf ear, saying, 'That may do for people to whom coffee is harmful, but not for me—coffee and I will never part.'

"At last, however, I bought a package of Postum, although I was sure I could not drink it. I prepared it as directed, and served it for breakfast. Well, bitter as I was against it, I must say that never before had I tasted a more delicious cup of coffee! From that day to this (more than two years) I have never had a desire for the old coffee. My health soon returned; the asthma disappeared, I began to sleep well and in a short time I gained 20 pounds in weight.

"One day I handed my physician the tablets he had prescribed for me, telling him I had no use for them. He stayed for dinner. When I passed him his coffee cup he remarked: 'I am glad to see you were sensible enough not to let yourself be persuaded that coffee was harmful. This is the best cup of coffee I ever drank,' he continued; 'the trouble is so few people know how to make good coffee.' When he got his second cup I told him he was drinking Postum. He was incredulous, but I convinced him, and now he uses nothing but Postum in his home and has greatly improved in health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."